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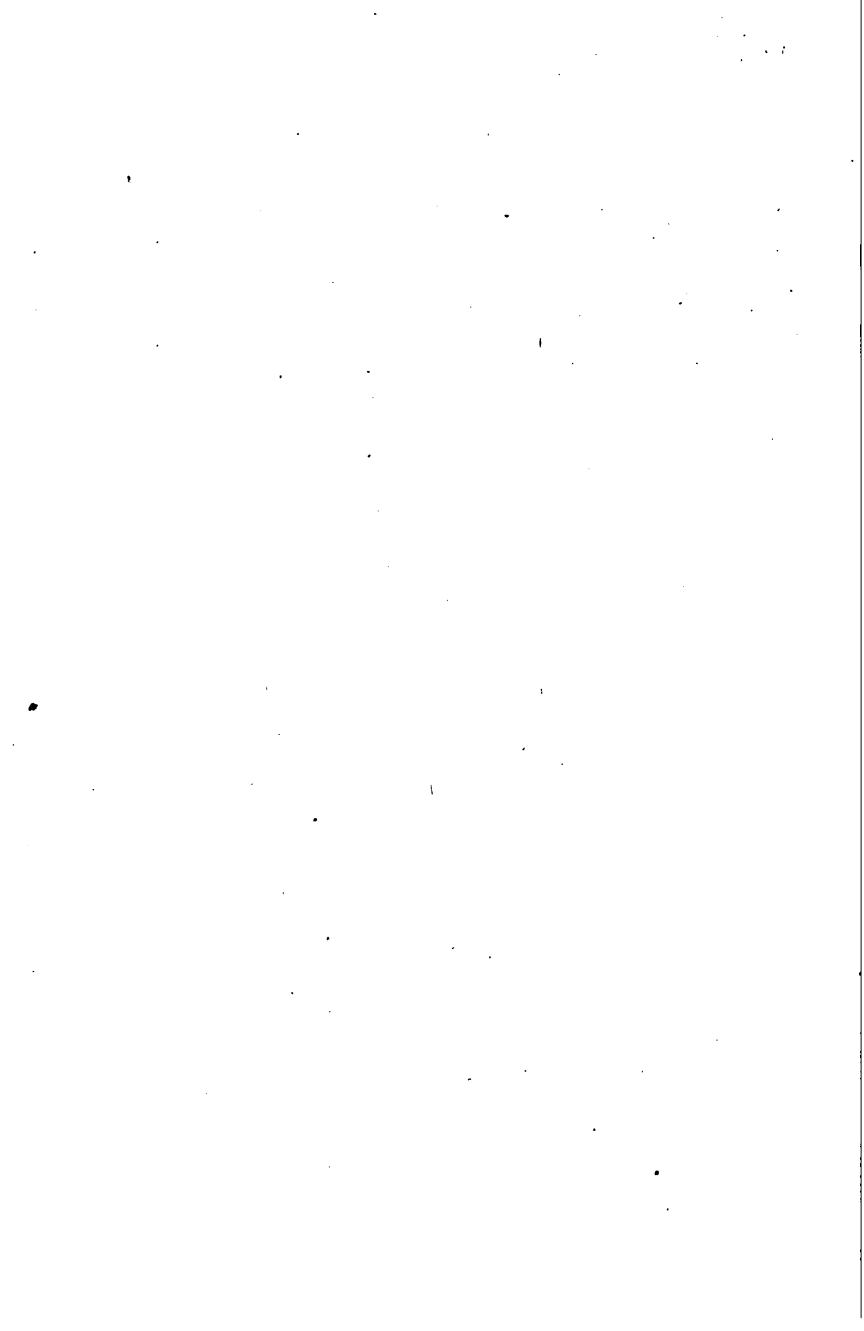
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MEMOIR  
OF  
THE GREAT ORIGINAL  
ZOZIMUS

(MICHAEL MORAN)

THE CELEBRATED DUBLIN STREET RHYMER AND RECITER

With his Songs, Sayings, and Recitations

BY

GULIELMUS DUBLINIENSIS HUMORIENSIS

DUBLIN

M'GLASHAN & GILL, 50 UPPER SACKVILLE ST.

JOSEPH TULLY, 58 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET

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1871

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## INTRODUCTION.

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EVERYBODY believes that the well-told lives of noted men are most useful. Those of what are called 'the higher classes,' whether in the Church, the senate, in the field, or at the bar, create more interest, owing to their education, or the varied scenes through which they pass; but for the mass of the people, the memories of humble men may be more instructive and interesting. And it has also been said that if the life of any individual, however humble his station, was written, it would be found, by those intimate with him, of as much interest to them as the biographies of kings and statesmen, or the records of nations, have been to the world.

It is now exactly a quarter of a century since the unsparing hand of time authorized that last friend of man,—the grave-digger, to sever from a Dublin celebrity all the associations of this wonderful life, by covering over the remains of MICHAEL MORAN, known for very many years as 'ZOZIMUS,' the name of a holy priest and 'abbot, who was a hero in the poem of the subject of this memoir.

Ancient history has furnished us with characters such as we have before us—their fame brightening as the centuries roll; not that we fancy poor ZOZIMUS will inherit the interest of far off posterity, but his presence in our city for so many years was an evidence of the street appreciation of peculiar talents. Homer, the lofty, grand, and beautiful, was in his day a street reciter. Nor are we without warrant that the sweet, flowing strains of Virgil were heard in the public streets also.

Any resident of Dublin, over thirty-five years of age, may recall the memory of a tall, attenuated, blind man, dressed in a heavy, coarse, long-tailed coat, and a very much worn hat, which, with strong shoes, constituted the entire visible costume of ZOZIMUS, save indeed his indispensable talisman, guide, and protector, a stout blackthorn stick, secured to his wrist by a leather thong, and finished by an iron ferrule. His face upturned displayed his sightless eyes; his peculiarly formed mouth, and strongly marked facial muscles, gave decision to his aspect. His voice was so remarkable as to draw the attention of mimics, being deeply guttural, accompanied by a peculiar lisp on certain words. His *side remarks* to the crowd, which were highly secular in their style, created much amusement, as they contrasted remarkably with the sacred character of his recitations, which were of a poetic order, evidently in some cases the production of a muse which condescended to inspire the untaught genius who uttered them. On any week-day evening, about dusk, but on Saturdays especially, he commenced his tour through the principal humble streets of Dublin, making Essex Bridge his grand centre, from thence progressing in slow and measured steps, halting every five or eight minutes to receive the contributions of such 'good Christians' as might be edified by his efforts; or perchance to give those annoying wasps, the jackeen boys, a reminder of his anger with the end of his iron-clad stick. With this short introduction the Author submits the following pages, hoping they will not diminish the name or fame of the 'Liberty Warbler.'

DUBLIN, *St. Patrick's Day*, 1871.

## MEMOIR OF ZOZIMUS.



IN a sequestered part of our city, utterly unknown to moderns, called Faddle Alley, off Black Pitts, in the Liberties of Dublin, an event of some importance occurred about seventy-seven years ago; for the birth of a child is under all circumstances interesting, but that of a public character still more so—particularly when he is to be ‘renowned in story,’ or ‘put in print.’

Michael Moran, *alias* ‘Zozimus,’ was born in the aforesaid locality, about the year 1794, of humble parents; but although born with sight, from a severe attack of illness he became blind, when only a fortnight old. Notwithstanding this great privation, and the poverty of his parents, who were subject to much want and affliction, yet, by the exercise of a very extraordinary memory, tact, and power of voice, he was enabled to support himself and family; he soon became a famous street rhymer, and reciter of poems, ballads, and essays, read to him, which he ‘learned by heart,’ and delivered with an energy peculiarly his own. His dress consisted of a long, coarse, dark description of frieze coat, with a cape, the lower parts of the skirts having an appearance of being mitred or scolloped; an old soft greasy brown beaver hat, corduroy trowsers, and strong Francis Street brogues. He always carried a long blackthorn stick with a heavy iron ferrule at the end, secured to his wrist by a leather thong or strap, and his hands always resting on the top, as he appears in the photographs just published.<sup>1</sup> The

<sup>1</sup> A truthful and life-like likeness of this extraordinary man, photographed by Millard and Robinson, from an original portrait painted by Mr. Horatio Nelson, formerly of Grafton Street, can be had of the publisher; price 6d., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 6d. each.

illustrative title-page of the excellent and humorous periodical *Zozimus*, erroneously represents our hero in an untruthful costume. He did not appear in a modern surtout, whose flying skirts revealed the old-fashioned knee-breeches and grey hose. Nor had he the wallet so prominently suspended from his neck. The dog is also an addition, for he knew the city too well to require the aid of what, under other circumstances, is a most valuable assistance to the blind.

From our earliest recollections of Zozimus (in 1822) he had obtained laudable notoriety as the chief of itinerant reciters from the Liberty and elsewhere, whose names are now nearly forgotten; a few of whom we will immortalize by honorable parenthetical mention:—

John M'Bride, the hedge poet, who like 'the Hedge Schoolmaster,' of old, as Goldsmith says:—

'For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;'

and could, in the language of Shakspeare,

'A round unvarnished tale deliver.  
Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.'

J. M. Brady, son of a tanner in Winetavern Street, of a higher class; who wrote good lines, on the great Dr. Doyle, and several humorous songs on 'The Heroes of Burgh Quay, under King Dan.'

Richard Madden was a weaver in the liberty, and a poet,

'Of many rhyming powers;  
Even during working hours,  
His brain and shuttle worked in time,  
And by the yard he'd spin his rhyme.'

He was the author of the real Irish Hudibrastic poem called 'Farnham Hall,' in which he gave the detailed account of the rotten converts there,

'By stirabout, buttermilk and bacon.'

Then we had John Martin from Meath, who came up to enlighten 'the gents of Dub,' as Judy of Roundwood used to call them.

We had the roving Fiddler of St. Kevin's at Glendalough,

' Who could at once laugh and grin,  
Run, dance, and sing,  
Whilst he played on his light string '  
St. Patrick's Day in the morning.'

John Kearney, the blind fiddler of Wicklow, known in every cabin, was the best imitator of Zozimus. But Zozimus '*bate* them all hollow.' If he had not the poetical element fully developed, or musical 'strings to his bow' to play on, he had a stentorian deep guttural voice, and a peculiar squeak and lisp of great power. The shrug of his shoulders, and the heavy tramp of his foot, showed he had muscular strength beyond his compeers.

' Although no man's heir or slave ;  
He could be comical or grave,  
Or both together, as required.'

He oft would range Dublin at large, but he had particular places at which to rendezvous. His chief localities for chanting, or recitations, were Carlisle, Essex, Wood Quay, Church Street, and Bloody Bridges ; up and down Dame Street, Capel Street, Sackville Street, Grafton Street, Henry Street, and to the glorious Conciliation Hall, where he met

' The walking thousands,  
By nights and by days,  
He sang his sweet lays,  
With power sublime.'

When arrived at his destined spot, Zozimus would spread out his arms, as if to catch all comers-and-goers, and say with his own great and peculiar accent:—

' Ye sons and daughters of Erin, attend,  
Gather round poor Zozimus, yer friend ;  
Listen, boys, until yez hear  
My charming song so dear.'

The history of this remarkable name commands our first attention.

Among the numerous old ballads and religious stories which once formed the chief part of the literature of those few who attained a knowledge of reading, and which became

traditional among the people, there is an interesting copy of 'The Extraordinary Life, Conversion, and Death, of the Great Penitent, St. Mary of Egypt, who was discovered in the wilderness, in the fifth century, by the pious Zozimus, an ecclesiastic who devoted his days to solitude and devotion.' This was written about 100 years ago, by the Right Rev. Dr. Coyle, the great Catholic Bishop of Raphoe. It was taken from the ancient *Acta Sanctorum*; Challoner's *Britannia Sancta*; and *Butler's Lives of the Saints*.

The substance is this:—That Mary, at the age of twelve years, left her parents' house in Egypt, and for several years abandoned herself to an unchaste life; when twenty-nine years old, she was miraculously converted in Jerusalem, on the feast of the finding of the Holy Cross; and, like the great St. Mary Magdalen, ever afterwards devoted herself to penitence and tears. She at once flew to the deserts of Egypt, where, after forty-seven years, spent in the utmost sanctity, she was miraculously discovered by a holy priest and abbot called Zozimus, who fancied

'That he was the first to walk  
In the pathless deserts.'

About a year before her death he administered to her the Holy Sacraments of Penance and of the Blessed Eucharist. When he returned, she had departed this life. He wrote her life for the Catholic Bishop of Jerusalem. The inaccurate printer of *Butler's Lives of the Saints* makes him say that St. Mary died in 421; whilst Abbot Zozimus found her alive in 430. Her death must therefore have occurred in 431, or 432. He is not to be confounded with St. Zozimus, who died a martyr so early as A.D., 116; nor with Pope Zozimus, a saint who sat in St. Peter's Chair from 17th March 417, till 26th December, 418; nor with St. Zozimus, Bishop of Syracuse, who died in 660, or 228 years after our Abbot's demise.

Our Irish hero having for years chanted Bishop Coyle's verses on 'St. Mary and Zozimus,' he was called by that name, and gloried in 'his four great ancestors,' just mentioned.

It is well to mention that M'Grane, a companion of his, after constant study of his acts, voice, and gesture, was so

far able to imitate him, that he had himself led through Dublin as THE REAL, IDENTICAL, IRISH ZOZIMUS for many years after his death. His mode of being brought to his stations, as a blind man, with his stick, staff, jerk, and stamp, and then as representing and reciting the lines of Zozimus, made for him a 'pretty penny.'

J. Kearney, the great Dublin comic singer and author, was another successful imitator of our Old Hero. J. Duggan, yet alive, was one of his companions, and imitators. But William Keogh was thought to be, on account of his dramatic and scientific tastes, even greater than the original Zozimus himself. These were, or are, not the only copyists who have lived upon the brains of others.

The first song we remember hearing Zozimus sing was the following well-known ditty, beginning with his usual exclamation:—

Zoz.—Gather 'round me, boys, gather 'round me. Well, yez all know St. Patrick was born in Bull Alley.

A FEMALE BYSTANDER to her FRIEND.—Oh! Kitty Gogarty, glory be to goodness, did you ever hear the like of that afore? Why he must be a great book-larned man!

YOUNG STREET SCAMPS.—More power, Zozimus, yer the rale hart av the rowl. Tip huz the 'T. B. C.' There's no damp on the tay-pot. That you may never die.

Zoz.—Now, see here, me rowdy customers, if yez don't lave off yer skylarkin', I'll cut the shins from under sum av yez.

#### ST. PATRICK WAS A GINTELMAN.

/ Saint Patrick was a gintleman, he came of decent people,  
 In Dublin town he built a Church, and upon't put a steeple;  
 His father was a Callaghan, his mother was a Brady,  
 His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy, and his uncle was a Grady.  
 Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist,  
 He was a saint so clever,  
 He gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
 And banished them for ever. )

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle, where the dirty varmint musters,  
 Where'er he put his dear fore-foot, he murdered them in clusters;  
 The toads went hop, the frogs went pop slap-haste into the water,  
 And the beasts committed suicide, to save themselves from slaughter  
 Then success, &c.



Nine hundred thousand vipers blue, he charmed with sweet discourses,  
 And dined on them, at Killaloe, in soups and second courses;  
 When blind worms crawling in the grass disgusted all the nation,  
 He gave them a rise, that opened their eyes to a sense of their situa-  
 tion. Then success, &c.

No wonder that our Irish boys should be so free and frisky,  
 For, Saint Patrick taught them first the joys of tipping the whiskey;  
 No wonder that the Saint himself to taste it should be willing,  
 For his mother kept a shebeen shop in the town of Enniskillen.  
Then success, &c.

The Wicklow hills are very high, so's the Hill of Howth, sir,  
 But there's a hill much higher still, aye, higher than them both sir;  
 'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached his sarment,  
 Which drove the frogs into the bogs, and bothered all the varmint.  
Then success, &c.

Zozimus, though not blessed with sight to behold the fair beauties of nature, was by no means insensible to their influences on him; particularly when the presence of the tender sex awakened those feelings so honorable to our nature, as admitted by mankind of every grade in life, and every order of intellect. Twice did he venture into the chariot of Venus by doing the connubial—the last time the Widow Curran winning the prize of poetic genius and public notoriety. This lady honored each spouse by an acknowledgment of their reciprocal love and attention; Curran bequeathing a lovely daughter of Erin, while Zozimus added as fine a boy as he could wish to *look* at, who was named after our Patron Saint—Patrick. This lad was rather well-looking, and might be considered handsome; he grew up an intelligent boy. A sea captain who lived in Eldon Terrace, Clanbrassil Street, took a liking to this lad, and brought him to sea on several voyages. Zozimus, his wife, step daughter, and son, occupied the top-back room of the house No. 15 Patrick Street, then known as No. 14½, next door but one to Plunket Street, where he resided for many years, and ultimately died.

We will now present the celebrated RECITATION, once so common in the Streets of Dublin, but now forgotten and unknown.

The old copy of 'the full life, conversion, and death, of'

St. Mary and of Zozimus' (by Bishop Coyle) made about 250 pages, and was condensed to the following few pages for our modern Zozimus:—

Zoz.—Gather 'round me boys, gather 'round poor Zozimus, yer friend. Boys, am I standin' in puddle, am I standin' in wet?

SEVERAL VOICES—Ah no, yer nòt, yer in a nice dry place. Go on with 'St. Mary.' Go on with 'Moses;' &c., &c.

Zoz.—Awl me buzzum friends are turned backbiters. Now, me dead-knowledge coves, if yez don't drop your coddin' an' devarasion, I'll have sum av yez a kase.

Before commencing his celebrated recitation, he would pause and seem absorbed in a deep reverie, as if waiting for the favouring afflatus of the muse, or collecting all his thoughts, and preface as follows:—

'This is the full, true, and particular account of the sufferings and hardships, the severe penance and privations, with the pious, holy life and miraculous conversion of Saint Mary of Egypt, blessed be to her holy name.' Then placing his hand to his forehead, and muttering a few inaudible words, would make a reverential bow.

### ZOZIMUS'S GREAT RECITATION.

#### THE LIFE OF SAINT MARY OF EGYPT.

TH' imperial throne when Theodosius held,  
 In Palestine a holy hermit dwell'd,  
 Whose shining virtues and extensive fame  
 The world astonish'd—Zozimus his name.  
 Sequester'd thus, for fifty years and three,  
 His life he gave to austerity.  
 When wrapt in thought, he asked himself was there  
 A man on earth more rigid and austere?  
 But God, to manifest the serpent's cheat,  
 And cure the hermit of his vain conceit,  
 Directed Zozimus where he should go,  
 In search of that which yet he did not know;  
 To Jordan's banks, by God's appointment thus,  
 For exiled is our great Zozimus.  
 'Twas there he found the school which virtue taught,  
 And self-denial to perfection brought.  
 In this retreat he found, and not 'till then,  
 Incarnate angels in the place of men;  
 Who, with mankind, no more commerce enjoy'd  
 Than if they were of flesh and blood devoid.

Here manual labour, sanctify'd with prayer,  
 And bread and water, were the hermit's fare.  
 Perpetual vigils, bless'd with heavenly song,  
 By turns were kept by this good heav'n-bred throng.

Prepar'd like saints departing life, confess'd,  
 Absolv'd, and with the host of heav'n bless'd,  
 These meagre monks, by annual custom, went  
 Across the Jordan once a year in Lent;  
 And near Arabia's dreary desert wept,  
 The fast of Lent, 'till Holy Thursday, kept;  
 Against which time, the saints return'd to sing  
 The death and trophies of their heavenly King.  
 Such distant wilds those almost spirits trod,  
 In imitation of the Son of God.

In these bleak climes, once Zozimus espied  
 A naked creature, and astonish'd cried:  
 'In Christ's name, be creature, what you may,  
 Stop, and this sacred sign—the cross—obey.'

The creature stood, who fled apace before,  
 And said, 'I'm naked, Zozimus, and sore:  
 Your mantle drop, to screen my furrow'd skin,  
 Another Eve am I, ah! stript for sin.'

The priest complied, convinced her knowledge came  
 From heaven, since she expressed his Christian-name.  
 The saints approach'd, and after mutual pray'r,  
 Together spoke, devoid of further fear.

ZOZIMUS.—In God's blest name, I shall conjure you now  
 To tell your name, what brought you here, and how?  
 Long did'st thou live in these vast deserts, say?  
 Or is thy skeleton composed of clay?

MARY.—O man of God, how can thy servant speak?  
 You'll fly from me as from a furious snake.  
 Yes, when thine ears my dreadful story know,  
 Your heart will tremble, for my cause is woe!  
 My guilt when you, and black confession, hear,  
 You'll wonder not at my expulsion here;  
 But wonder more, that God did not expel  
 The wretch you see, ah! to the flames of hell.  
 My flagrant guilt I shall, however, show,  
 My latent stores the priest of God shall know;  
 Address the Lord, for I am approaching death,  
 That I find mercy on the day of wrath.

My country's Egypt, and my drink is tears,  
 My food is sorrow, and my life is fears;  
 At the age of twelve, without my sire's consent,  
 I sought misfortune and t' Alexandria went,  
 Where, where, alas! my wicked course began,  
 For seventeen years a prostitute to man;  
 To gratify this sordid mass of dust,  
 For lucre not, but for unbridled lust,  
 Continued thus, a profligate at large,  
 'Till in my way God sent a sailing barge.  
 I sought my passage, joined a faithful band;  
 Together sailed, to see the Holy Land:  
 With no desire to celebrate with them  
 The cross exalted at Jerusalem.  
 My object was to multiply my guilt,  
 'Twas on the cross whereon Christ's blood was spilt.  
 To Church with those I went, absorb'd in sin;  
 But 'cross the door I could not enter in.  
 By secret force withheld, I stood, alas!  
 Oft used my might, but further could not pass,  
 I stept aside, said to myself within,  
 The cause of this phenomenon is sin.  
 I beat my breast and kissed the ground in tears,  
 When o'er my head the Queen of heaven appears,  
 On whom I fix'd my melting eyes, and cry'd,  
 Where now shall I, O Queen of Angels! hide?

Here dost thou, purest of all creatures, see  
 The pest of life, and dregs of infamy.  
 Wilt thou, most gracious star, my soul befriend,  
 And unto Christ, my sorrows recommend?  
 Or, may this caitiff, through this piety,  
 The sacred wood of my redemption see?  
 Henceforth in grief, shall I my sins bewail,  
 'Till death repent—be thou my heavenly bail.

A gleam serene becalm'd my troubled breast,  
 My soul relieved—I can't describe the rest.  
 Rose off the ground, with strength unknown before;  
 With ease passed through the late forbidden door,  
 Where trembling I beheld, revered, admired,  
 The hallowed tree, whereon my Christ expired.  
 I kissed the pavement, and adored the Son  
 Of God, who died to save the world thereon;  
 Th' infinite mercies of my God confess'd,  
 And thus the Mother of my Christ addressed.

Protect me, Virgin, and for ever be  
 My leading star, my guide, and surety,

Forsake me not, who brought me this relief,  
 And snatched my soul from everlasting grief,  
 On which a voice thus whispered to my mind,  
 The Jordan pass, and you shall comfort find.  
 My heart was full, I cried, and wept severe;  
 Mine eyes fix'd on the Lady's picture were:  
 Obey'd the voice, in haste went out and bought  
 Three loaves, which I do make my journey brought.  
 That night arrived at Jordan's banks, and lay  
 Fatigued upon a naked bed of clay;  
 Which brought this comfort to my harrowed breast,  
 My Christ vouchsafed on such a bed to rest.  
 Next morning in the parish church confessed,  
 And there received the heavenly Eucharist.  
 I passed the Jordan, and in this retreat,  
 Did since and will the call of Christ await.  
 Nor have I seen a human face, 'till you  
 Came by the Lord, my comfort to renew.

ZOZIMUS.—How long did'st thou, in this bleak region dwell?  
 On what subsist? O! wond'rous woman! tell.

MARY.—Near fifty years, the number wants but two.  
 My food was such as in the deserts grew.  
 For want of clothes, my bones have pierced my skin;  
 A small redemption for a life of sin;  
 The most of which deserved eternal death,  
 But hope's my comfort, and I live by faith.

ZOZIMUS.—And has thy soul been all this time at ease,  
 From all the attacks of sinister disease?

MARY.—You make me tremble when I recollect  
 The various evils which my soul attacked:  
 Perpetual conflicts of th' impure kind,  
 For seventeen years has harassed my wicked mind.  
 The fleshpots and the wine of Egypt brought  
 Regretful pictures to my sullied thought.  
 Whereas, for common water, I  
 Was oft in danger to give up and die.  
 For these I wept, my troubled breast I struck,  
 And called to mind the solemn vows I took.  
 I bruised my bones—my flesh was hardly skin,  
 To kill the serpent of the flesh within.  
 My vows renewed, addressed the Virgin still,  
 T' obtain my pardon, and correct my will.  
 Near twenty years afflicted, thus I found  
 My soul enlightened, and my comfort sound.

ZOZIMUS.—You've quoted Scripture, sure you must have read.  
I never did—the humble angel said.  
How comes such knowledge of revealed truth?  
Did'st thou receive this doctrine in thy youth?

MARY.—'Tis God, (said she) that teacheth man indeed;  
You've heard my tragic tale, the secret keep,  
Until my carcass in oblivion sleep;  
Allow this wretch, O! Zozimus, a share  
In your devotions and propitious prayer;  
On Maunday Thursday of God's ensuing year,  
At Jordan's nether banks, once more appear,  
Where I expect through Providence, to see  
The bread of life, which you shall break for me.

Here leave she took; he knelt, and when he trod,  
He kissed the ground, and wept, and pray'd to God.  
On Maunday Thursday of th' ensuing year,  
The saints at Jordan, as they fix'd, appear,  
And on both sides of that vast river stood,  
When Mary walked upon the rapid flood;  
Yes, on the streams, as if on solid land,  
T' embrace the Lord she pass'd, Christ held her hand.  
There heav'nly lauds the saints' pure joys express'd  
When she receiv'd the glorious Eucharist,  
Her hands to heaven, her voice in tears she rais'd;  
'Ador'd be God, my great Redeemer prais'd;  
Now do'st thou let, pursuant to thy word,  
Thy servant go: my eyes have seen the Lord.'  
To Zozimus gave thanks, and as she went,  
Engag'd to meet the next ensuing Lent;  
That where he first the wand'ring pilgrim found,  
He'd find her next on the same spot of ground.  
At which the saint embarked on the open stream,  
And just repass'd the torrent as she came.

The hermit did as he had done before;  
Found Mary was, as th' adage says, no more,  
For, on that spot her corpse lay cold, where she,  
Against th' appointed time should really be;  
And on her face, in bright characters lay  
Her Christian name, and last departing day.  
The Lord reveal'd th' incarnate angel's name,  
And brought him to evidence the same.

The lion even his assistance gave,  
And with his claws dug a spacious grave,  
Wherein the pilgrim penitent was laid,  
Whilst Zozimus the funeral office said.

Back to his cell good Zozimus repaired,  
 And told his brethren all that interfer'd.  
 His heavenly course of life pursu'd, and then,  
 An hundred years of age took leave of men.

SAINT MARY.

P.S.—At twelve she fell—for seventeen years astray,  
 And forty-seven wept all her sins away.

At this time (1838) a bitter feeling on polemics existed in Dublin, which led to a regular formal Discussion between the Rev. Father Thomas Maguire, P.P., Ballinamore, and Rev. Thresham Dames Gregg, Church of England clergyman, on the doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church. So intense was the excitement with the public that at the close of the discussion, Zozimus recited 'Maguire's Triumph' to great pecuniary advantage—a street poem suited to the humbler people, as it faithfully echoed their feelings—

MAGUIRE'S TRIUMPH.

ALL you that profess to that ancient religion  
 Can boast its foundation from virtue and truth,  
 Maguire's the champion can trace its origin,  
 With any false preacher he's fit to dispute;  
 The Swifts-ally spouter he's bothered completely,  
 The fountain of rancour has levelled him low,  
 The victory's our own, we'll rejoice late and early,  
 That Maguire may conquer wherever he'll go.

From the sweet county Leitrim to famed Dublin city,  
 True Catholic doctrine he came to defend,  
 Those misguided heretics, boys can you pity,  
 When to his decisions they were forced to bend;  
 Their bible cant-tract, was no more but a folly,  
 The master of arts on his dunghill may crow,  
 And fly to the 'Trinity' pack for protection,  
 That Maguire may conquer wherever he'll go.

Each Catholic heart round the green fields of Erin,  
 Shall nobly re-echo the shamrock shore,  
 Representing the joys of our holy religion,  
 From sweet Dublin city to Ballinamore;  
 The Tories like dogs may fly to their kennels,  
 The foul seed of discord no longer they'll see,  
 Let us quarrel no more, but stand firm to each other,  
 Father Tom may you conquer wherever you go.

This scheme was contrived by the bigot faction,  
 The minds of the people they mean to excite,  
 For their own selfish ends to drive man to distraction,  
 To keep ancient Erin from her lawful right ;  
 But the Catholic Church is triumphant, thank heaven,  
 All tempests and dangers she'll still overthrow,  
 The last dying blow to heresy's given,  
 Maguire, may you conquer wherever you go.

Acclamations of joy through our Church is spreading,  
 From the seat of Armagh to St Peter's in Rome,  
 The call of assassins no more we'll be dreading,  
 The Catholic Church has commenced in its bloom ;  
 For the want of sound proofs Tory Gregg you defeated,  
 The rank seed of Harry is confounded, you know,  
 One heaven, one sheepfold by heaven elevated,  
 That Maguire may conquer wherever he'll go.

The Catholic clergy may stand on their altars,  
 And challenge the best their foes can produce,  
 For the minds of the people can never be altered,  
 Poor Gregg, your false doctrine is but little use ;  
 Your name, Father Tom, will be ever endearing,  
 Of the infernal proud Satan you have made a show ;  
 Green laurels shall bloom round the chapels of Erin,  
 That Maguire may conquer wherever he'll go.

With joy we'll conclude by the victory proclaiming,  
 And toast to Victoria our beautiful queen ;  
 While our kind Lord Lieutenant displays equal justice,  
 May he reign triumphant in our land of green ;  
 That the blest Church of Rome may extend through the world ;  
 As we push round the glass with three cheers let it flow,  
 To the health of the matchless, unrivalled Maguire,  
 May he live long and conquer wherever he'll go.

An humorous incident, which caused much amusement at the time it occurred, we will now relate, as given by an eye-witness, and which raised the interest of the public in our bard to the highest degree, as well as started a fresh host of imitators.

#### TWO ZOZIMUSES ON THE "BRUDGE."

The establishment of the Metropolitan Police Force, about thirty-four years ago, was a fatal blow to many of the interesting street institutions of Dublin. '*Tempora mutantur*' finds many an epoch in the incidents of humble individuals as well as in the histories of nations. The liberty of the



subject, if not indeed that of the bard, was in a great measure restricted by the 'New Polis,' as they were then called; and many a row took place before they could establish their authority over those pleasant fellows who liked a harmless lark, when shades of evening and shop shutters threw their sombre mantle over the city.

'Twas then that Zozimus appeared on Capel-street bridge (as it was called), and a heterogeneous crowd, drawn by every shade of religious, poetic, and humourous feeling, collected about the Irish Homer to hear his well-known recitations.

In those days the 'youths' of Dublin emulated each other in their imitations of the renowned Zozimus; the hoarseness of voice, the peculiarity of manner, the 'get-up,' and the *spoken* part of the character were seldom found combined in any one amateur; however there was one,—Mr. E. Rogers, of the old Insolvent Court, who distinguished himself in this representation. He united in himself all the powers of exact imitation, to the humour, wit, and good-heartedness of a highly-educated and refined gentleman. In the old 'Adelphi' (now the 'Queen's') Theatre, as well as 'Calvert's Theatre' (now the Mechanics' Institute), he gave public imitations on benefit occasions, to 'crowded houses, with unbounded applause,'—at least the bills of the day said so.

One evening, at a supper in Blundell's (now the Phoenix), the powers of Mr. Rogers were tested, and a dispute arose as to his true genius, most admitting the perfection of the imitation, while others maintained it was like Blundell's beefsteaks, slightly overdone. A plebiscite was proposed, and a wager at once laid, that if he appeared in the streets at night, in character, and confront the genius Zozimus, he would not be detected.

Next evening, at about nine o'clock, he repaired to the 'brudge,' sure to meet his competitor; and scarcely had he got through the first few lines following—

'In Egypt's kingdom, on the banks of Nile,  
Great Pharaoh's daughter went to bathe in style;  
And as it happened on that momentous day,  
Mighty Moses, muffled up, lay in a wisp o' hay,  
Just as she ran up and down to dry her skin,  
She found the basket that the babe lay in'—

when they both met—each with a crowd about him. A scene of laughter ensued, not to be described; so exact a duplicate puzzled the scrutiny of the oldest student of street characters. All we can do is to relate the colloquy which ensued, and leave the incidental fun to the imagination of the reader.

MR. ROGERS.—‘Good Christians, is it possible that any man would mock the poor dark man like that.’

ZOZIMUS.—‘Who’s that? It’s some impostherer.’

MR. R.—‘Begone, you wretch; it’s you’ze the impostherer. Don’t you fear the light of heaven bein sthruck from your eyes for mocking the poor dark man?’

ZOZ.—‘Saints and angels, is there no protection against this? You’re a most inhuman blaguard to try to deprive me of my honest bread this way.’

MR. R.—‘And you, you wretch, won’t let me go on with the beautiful poem. Christian people, in your charity will you beat that man away, he’s taking advantage of my darkness.’

Here the interest of the crowd became intense. None could tell which was the ‘impostherer.’ The amateur had already gained an advantage by his pathetic appeal, by way of an attack on the enemy, as indicated by the laughter at the real Zozimus; so following up his success, he innocently took up the poem which he had left off, and proceeded, thanking the ‘good christians’ for their sympathy and protection. Zozimus listened with curiosity for a short time, perhaps rather nonplussed what to do; so seeing, or rather hearing, a second Richmond in the field, again protested—

ZOZ.—‘Is it possible that none of yez can know me? Don’t yez see its myself, and that’s some one else.’

MR. R.—‘Before I proceed any farther in this lovely story, I call on yez to contribute your charitable donations to help me to go on.’

ZOZ.—‘Have you no sowl to be sayed, you mocker of heaven? Would you rob the poor as well as decaive the world? Oh, was ever such wickedness known?’

MR. R.—‘I leave it to yourself, my friends, to give to the real dark man, that yez all know so well, and save me from that schemer.’ So holding out his hand he collected

some coppers from the discerning crowd, while poor Zoz., getting nothing, settled the 'vox populi' at issue.

Nothing undaunted, Zozimus attempted his 'Holy Mary of Egypt,' while Rogers pursued the undine incidents of Moses's juvenile voyage, where Pharaoh's daughter 'found the basket that the babe lay in.'

A cheer now arose from the almost yelling crowd,—the women declaring such mockery they never saw before; and seizing poor Zoz's stick, were about to give him the weight of it, when their judgments were again bewildered, and they hesitated lest their vengeance should fall on the innocent; so they declared both to be a pair of 'jackeens,' and if they had their ha'pence back they'd take better care of them.

Seeing the climax approaching, Mr. Rogers asked if any kind man would 'just give him a grip of that villain, and he'd soon let him know who the real imposhterer was;' then pretending to give his defenceless victim a guzzler, declared poor Zozimus the real man, shaking him heartily by the hand, and placing a few shillings in it at the same time. Off he started with his friends, amidst the applauding laughter of the crowd, to enjoy the forty-shilling supper at Blundell's, so fairly earned.

On another occasion, a gentleman passing Carlisle Bridge was attracted on hearing Zozimus, proposed a wager of 6d. that he would not rhyme the word bridge, or as Zozimus always called it 'brudge,' when he at once improvised the following:—

'Ah, kind Christian, do not grudge  
The sixpence promised on the brudge.'

The readiness of the answer, as well as the characteristic manner in which it was expressed, at once was rewarded.

The next literary effusion on which Zozimus used his vocal powers was that on the 'Finding of Moses among the Rushes.' From want of a classical finish in his speech, which we had to follow, it would appear to be all his own composition; some of his imitators introduced loose words which, as his friend, we reject:—

'Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of modesty is want of sense.'

## THE FINDING OF MOSES.

In Egypt's kingdom, upon the banks of Nile,  
 King Pharoah's daughter went to bathe in style;  
 She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,  
 And to dry her royal pelt she ran along the strand.  
 A bulrush tripped her, whereupon she saw  
 A smiling babby in a wad o' straw.  
 She tuk it to Pharo', who madly wild,  
 Said, 'You foolish girl have you got a child?'

An old Blackmore woman among the crew,  
 Cried out, 'You royal savage, what's that to you?  
 The royal lady is sure too mild,  
 To find dishonestly the charming child.'  
 'Oh!' says the king, to end this pother,  
 'I'll kick the reptile from Nile to Dodder,  
 And then I'll search every hole and nook,  
 And likely I'll find him at Donnybrook.'\*

Other versious of this poem are extant in the memories of the old citizens of Dublin, some of the fragments being well enough as a burlesque, but not true to the character of Zozimus; we have, however, rescued one from the uncertainty of tradition, which appears to have been an early effort, when the poetaster's brain was full of Bishop Coyle's superior composition, which he had committed to memory so carefully. The style evidences this, and the historical allusions are fairly accurate. In a couple of places there seems to be a 'spark of the fire' not discreditable to more pretentious poets.

## FINDING OF MOSES IN THE NILE.

ON Egypt's plains, where flows the ancient Nile,  
 Where Ibis stalks, and swims the crockadile,  
 Where burning suns for ever shed their glare,  
 And rainless countries dry the parched air,  
 'Tis here the pyramids ascend on high,  
 And lofty temples tell of times gone by,  
 When mighty monarchs made their people slaves,  
 And with their victims filled ten thousand graves.  
 The Israelite, oppressed for full four hundred years,  
 In anguish cried aloud, and shed the captive's tears;  
 The Lord from heaven came down and heard the sufferers' cry,  
 And in His own due time, the penitents' tears to dry.

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\*NOTE.—This Quixotic notion is doubtless owing to the wild Irishism of our friend Zozimus.

Proud Pharaoh from his throne sent forth his mandates wild,  
 'Go, slaughter every male, but keep each female child.'  
 The mothers then in Israel raised their cries on high:  
 'Oh, save our infant boys, in them our hopes rely.'  
 Oh, woman! in thy need what plans thou canst contrive;  
 And now the trial came to save her child alive.  
 Right well we know thy nature; the diamond of thy mind  
 Shines out most brightly when the heart is most resigned;  
 A woman's sympathy is all we here enjoy,  
 The Hebrew mother trusted this, to save her lovely boy;  
 So now of wicker-work a little ark she made,  
 And in it placed her world of wealth, and o'er it knelt and prayed:  
 'Oh, God of all our fathers, avenge poor Israel's woes,  
 And may my child redeem our race, and save them from their foes.'  
 The hearty, fervent prayer went up unto the Throne of Grace;  
 The floating ark went down the stream and settled in the place  
 Where Egypt's noble daughters came at noon to bathe and play,  
 And Pharaoh's lovely child was there, so artless, good, and gay;  
 She heard the piteous cry, an infant's wailing note,  
 And searching round among the reeds she found the tiny boat;  
 Her tender heart at once was moved, the babe she kissed and pressed  
 Close to her virgin bosom pure, and lovingly caressed;  
 The smiling infant gazed at her, then spreading forth its arms,  
 The noble girl's heart then warmed with all a woman's charms  
 When first awakened from that sleep, when innocency dreams,  
 And sense and instinct glowing, both unite their warming beams.  
 'Go forth, some maid,' she cried, 'and seek a nurse to care  
 This infant which I've found, for all his wants prepare;  
 'Tis heaven alone could give to mortals such a child,  
 And I will try to keep him pure and undefiled.'  
 The anxious mother watched her child's eventful fate,  
 And meeting then the maiden with joy was most elate.  
 For years she nursed her child, and as he older grew  
 The youth was taught such learning as Egypt's priesthood knew.  
 They little thought that boy in time would wield a rod,  
 Which rescued from their bondage the Israel of God.  
 A conquered nation, though down-trod, it still is never crushed,  
 A Liberator always comes when Freedom's voice is hushed;  
 And so our own dear land, in time we all shall see  
 The Saxon rulers gone—Old Ireland shall be free!

Inferior as this poem may appear to the educated reader, it had its force and interest with the attentive crowd, which drank in every word as it was spoken; nor should we undervalue the impression it must have made on those who had few, if indeed any, other opportunities of hearing the incidents of Scripture history. In ancient times those incidents were carved on the Irish crosses, and so supplied what Zozimus

recited. Art speaks to the soul through the eye, but our modern hero spoke through the trumpet of the poet, to the anxious ears of the 'plebs.'

Another song Zozimus chanted was on an orangeman, remarkable for his dirty appearance and ridiculous display. Owing to a great change in the times, in moderation and forbearance, those lines are not now minded, no more than those of the orange song of July the first, provided they are kept private. The song ran in this humble strain,—

#### DICKEY AND THE YEOMAN.

At the dirty end of Dirty lane,  
 Liv'd a dirty cobbler, Dick McClane ;  
 His wife was, in the old king's reign,  
 A stout brave orange-woman.  
 On Essex bridge she strained her throat,  
 And six-a-penny was her note ;  
 But Dickey wore a bran new coat,  
 He got among the yeomen.  
 He was a bigot, like his clan,  
 And in the streets he wildly sang  
 O Roly, toly, toly raid, with his old jade.

Zozimus, although a roving ballad singer, yet, like many others, had no great respect for literary property, in fact he did not think that any man, in this case, committed a crime—

'Merely to sing,  
 Any good thing,  
 Just and discreet,  
 In lane or street.'

Hence, so early as November, 1822, a very near friend having written and published a tract called, 'A Church not without a Religion,' signed, 'William of Dublin,' against William (Protestant Archbishop) Dublin; of which he sold three editions in a short time, at 5d. each—he found Zozimus near his house, on the next bridge, roaring it all out, line for line, and letter for letter, at the small sum of one penny or a halfpenny. The author, although outrageously robbed, after a joking remark, did not interfere with poor Zozimus in his piratical career.

## THE SONG OF ZOZIMUS.

Gather round me boys, will yez  
 Gather round me?  
 And hear what I have to say,  
 Before ould Sally brings me  
 My bread and jug of tay.  
 I live in Faddle Alley,  
 Off Blackpits near the Comb;  
 With my poor wife called Sally,  
 In a narrow, dirty room.

Gather round me, and stop yer noise,  
 Gather round me till my tale is told;  
 Gather round me, ye girls and ye boys,  
 Till I tell yez stories of the days of old;  
 Gather round me, all ye ladies fair,  
 And ye gentlemen of renown;  
 Listen, listen, and to me repair,  
 Whilst I sing of beauteous Dublin town.

As might be expected, Zozimus, being a 'jolly Irish Papist,' like nearly all his travelling tribe, hurled his ryming vengeance against the enemies of his creed and country, especially the orange-boys of the old Corporation. Many of his quaint, sarcastic and humourous speeches, on this his favourite topic, are lost; but the compiler being one of 'the old school' remaining, for 'barin extra larnin' it was a *fine school*, we must give a few of the more sprightly ones.

As Zozimus did not live long after the Reform Act of 1840, he was not able to do ample justice to that great and political transformation; yet he did not forget his new friends, whilst he paid off his old foes in style.

So he sang through the city,  
 This wonderful ditty,  
 As a bran new song.

## A NEW SONG ON THE TWO CORPORATIONS.

Hurra for the new Corporation,  
 Down with the old Botheration;  
 Hurra for King Dan,  
 The wonderful man,  
 For he is the boy for the nation,  
 To make a true Irish oration;  
 Now that he's Lord Mayor,  
 How the Orangemen stare.

Gone is the old Corporation,  
 With its rottenness and domination.  
 Gone are Davy M'Cleary, the tailor,  
 And old Judy Butler, the railer.  
 Then hurra for the new Corporation,  
 The hope and the prop of the nation.  
 Hurra for the cause  
 Of our own native laws,  
 And Ireland's Home Legislation.

The next song attributed to Zozimus, being never before published, may, I think, be acceptable to our readers :

#### THE ADDRESS OF ZOZIMUS TO HIS FRIENDS.

If yez want wit and fun,  
 To me, Zozimus, run,  
 For I am the boy,  
 Your hope and your joy,  
 To enliven your sowl,  
 And your passions controul  
 With my jokes and blarney,  
 Like Kate of Killarney,  
 And her looks so charming.

If yez wish to be wise  
 Just open your eyes,  
 And read every page  
 Of Zozimus the sage;  
 For I am the lad  
 To make your hearts glad,  
 With my *hook* and my *crook*,<sup>1</sup>  
 And my *straw* and my *book*,<sup>2</sup>  
 I will no nonsense brook.

Ye aged and ye youth,  
 If you wish to have truth  
 On Zozimus dwell,  
 Who loves you so well,

---

NOTE<sup>1</sup>.—Who ever knew the peculiar rod and stick Zozimus used, and the words of the old slang used by the street hawkers, who might be taken up by the watchmen or peace-officers if they sold indecent songs?

NOTE<sup>2</sup>.—I will not sell my book, I cannot sell my book; I dare not sell my book, but I will sell my straw, and make a present of my book, and the price of my straw is one penny; it is not a wheaten straw, nor an oat-straw, nor a barley-straw, nor a rye-straw, but it is the rale Repale of the Union Straw.



I'm always at home,  
 Except when I'll roam,  
 Some kind fellows to meet  
 In the alley or street,  
 With my wife so discreet ;  
 If you'll have humour and glee,  
 Be sure you'll come to me ;  
 Come to Zozimus bold,  
 Who will all tales unfold,  
 By the night and the day.  
 Hear all I will say,  
 Both early and late,  
 I will give you a treat  
 And a new song complete.

### THE GRAND SONG OF ZOZIMUS ON THE LIBERTY.

Ye men of sweet Liberty's Hall,  
 And ye women all round the Coombe,  
 On ye doth your Zozimus call,  
 To sustain every shuttle and loom ;  
 Bring your silks and sattins and tweed,  
 And tabinets all in their prime,  
 Bring them forth perfect with speed,  
 As in our own Parliament's time.

Let us sing of the Coombe and each street,  
 Before the vile Union was known,  
 When the Lords and the Nobles did meet,  
 And around us a glory had thrown ;  
 Then high were Newmarket and Court,  
 The Poddle, the Chambers, and Manor,  
 Which thousands each day did resort,  
 Placing Trade on the Liberty's banner.

Sing Brown Street and sweet Warren Mount,  
 Faddle Alley and old Blackpitts,  
 Which hear from me their full account,  
 And where I have made my best hits ;  
 There are Cork Street, Mill Street, and John Street,  
 With their various alleys and lanes,  
 With Marrowbone Lane ever sweet,  
 With strong water that evermore reigns.

Sing the streets of Ardee, Meath, and Deane,  
 Thomas, Francis, and dear Ashe of old,  
 With their chapels and schools which retain  
 A spirit—unbroken and bold.  
 Then up with the Fringes once more,  
 And let Erin have justice and joys,  
 Full trade and home rule restore,  
 And the rights of the Liberty boys.

As an evidence of the appreciation of Zozimus as a public character, it invariably occurred that at the annual balls given in the Rotundo, in aid of the Sick and Indigent Room-keepers' Society, which was patronized by the nobility, he was represented by some of those gentlemen amateurs, who excelled as his mimics. Many a time did the Lord and Lady Lieutenant of the day honour the character by listening to the humourous rigmarole prepared for the occasion, and joining heartily in complimenting the successful unknown. Of course, when the 'genteels' retired, we found Zozimus embracing in his arms some sweet fairy, or light angelic damsel, in the quadrille, waltz, or jig, after which, from too frequent refreshments, he might be found fooling about, or, like the piper's pierced bag, all the music out of him; and then followed that glorious abstraction, best known to the illuminati as the 'hoxmonitariness,' being the hyperbole of that condition of mind and body known as 'exfluntification.'

Another song Zozimus sang was on the trial and imprisonment of Daniel O'Connell and his friends, by a packed jury, which Lord Denman called 'a mockery, a delusion, and a snare,' under the famous 'T. B. C.,' or 'T. B. C. Smith,' the chief Legal Adviser for the Crown. The rest of the story is told pretty well in the following lines of the chanter:—

Ye boys of old Hibernia, attend unto me,  
 Whilst I give you the story of young T. B. C. ;  
 Unlike his father, who stood by Father Maguire,  
 He prosecuted O'Connell, with spite like hell's fire.  
 With him were first-named Fathers Tierney and Tyrrell,  
 But were soon set aside, as leading to peril ;  
 Tom Steele, Richard Barrett, Gavan Duffy and Gray,  
 With John O'Connell, and our dear T. M. Ray.

A jury soon was formed, of the right sort,  
 Who had the right feeling when called into court ;  
 And soon pure witnesses were easily found,  
 To keep the right side—to the Royal ground ;  
 Then the learned judge made home his bold charge,  
 Against brave O'Connell, and his six at large,  
 Who to Richmond prison were suddenly sent,  
 Where some months of confinement they soberly spent.

But when the Writ of Error (with all its records)  
 Was fully brought before the House of Lords,  
 The noble answer was just, rich and rare,  
 The trial was a 'mockery, delusion, and snare;'  
 So then the imprison'd were set fully free,  
 To the glory and joy of our old country;  
 At least half-a-million in union did meet,  
 And had a procession through every street.

Here is another version, which gives some burlesque additions to the foregoing :—

THE T. B. C.

(AIR,—*The Shan Van Vought.*)

Oh! Dan did you get out?  
 Says the T. B. C.,  
 Or did you get up the spout?  
 Said the T. B. C.,  
 There were locks both great and small,  
 Did you dare to break them all,  
 Or did you scale the prison wall?  
 Said the T. B. C.

No, I did not pick a lock,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought,  
 Nor I did not break a bolt,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought;  
 My cause was on the rock,  
 'Twas the Lord that broke the lock,  
 And freed His bantam cock,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought.

Oh! confusion to you, Dan,  
 Says the T. B. C.,  
 You're the devil of a man,  
 Says the T. B. C. ;  
 I thought I had you in,  
 But I see you here again,  
 For you're fit for any thing,  
 Says the T. B. C.

It was you who laid the scheme,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought,  
 And Sir Bobby struck the nail,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought ;  
 But in the law I'll prove you a goose,  
 To the Queen of little use,  
 Sir Bobby will turn you loose,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought.

But you might be at a loss,  
 Says the T. B. C.,  
 Beware of Harold's-cross,  
 Says the T. B. C. ;  
 In a hobble you might get,  
 That would cause you for to fret ;  
 No, the rents 'ill back me yet,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought.

You put up your proclamation,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought,  
 To agitate Paddy's nation,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought ;  
 You put me in a cage,  
 The people to enrage :  
 But I am once more on the stage,  
 Says the Dan Van Vought.

The following lines, entitled 'The last words of Zozimus' appeared in the weekly periodical called after him. We give them *in extenso*, as they possess much merit ; but regret that the writer seems wholly unacquainted with the facts, and is totally in error as to the particulars relative to the place of abode and time of his death :—

THE LAST WORDS OF ZOZIMUS,  
 IMPROVISATORE OF THAT NAME—A. D., 1848.

*Scene*—His attic home in Francis-street. Hour—Midnight. Rushlight dying out. Brother bards around him.

My Berrin-place is no consarn to me,  
 In the O'Connell Circle let it be—  
 As to my funeral, all pomp is vain,  
 Illustrious people does prefer it *plain* ;  
 When gifted men iz laid upon the shelf,  
 None of one's followers exsades one's-self ;  
 I'll not attempt to trouble old or young,  
 Nor shall the street where Zozimus has sung  
 Require more guarding, as they would, of course,  
 From any stiff Blue Bottle av the Force.  
 'The Poet of the People' should be borne  
 From whence not even ZOZIMUS can return,  
 Without or pomp, or pride, or vain display—  
 Don't take a 'round,' jist move the straightest way,  
 Tho' I *was* famed in my eventful day ;  
 One coffin and one horse is quite enough,  
 One mourning jingle will be *quantum suff* ;  
 But have enough of whiskey and of snuff,

And tho' convivial when in body able,  
 I never liked the vile dissecting table,  
 So have your eyes upon the Sack-em-up,  
 And if they stirs be glazed to trip-em-up.  
 I have no coronet to go before me,  
 Nor Bucephali-us that ever bore me,  
 But put my hat, and stick, and gloves together,  
 That bore for years the very worst of weather;  
 And rest assured in sperit will be there,  
 'Mary of Agypt' and 'Susannah' fair,  
 And 'Pharoah's daughter' with the heavenly blushes  
 That tuk the drowning goslin from the rushes.  
 I'll not permit a tombstone stuck above me,  
 Nor effigy; but, boys, if still yees love me,  
 Build a nate house for all whose fate is hard,  
 And give a bed to ev'ry wand'rin' bard;  
 If gaynious yees admire, I'd have yees show it  
 By giving pipe and porter to the Poet;  
 Make my respects to Waller and to Lover,  
 To Charley Tisdall and Professor Glover;  
 And if posterity is just, I'm sure  
 I'll be as faymous as Anacreon Moore.  
 Our country yet will Phoenix like revive  
 When neither France nor Prussia shall survive.  
 Yeas ask me why I know of sich a thing,  
 Or drame about what other times will bring,  
 It is because tho' blind and steep'd in night  
 We poets has fore-thought and second-sight,  
 And prophecies the things that yet shall come  
 After yees shall have the blest mil-len-i-um,  
 Now, boys—good bye—my grave disturbs not me,  
 In the O'Connell Circle—let it be.

Zozimus died on Friday, 3rd April, 1846, at his lodgings, 15 Patrick Street, and was buried on the following Sunday, being Palm Sunday, as appears by the certificate of burial, which we give. His grave is in that part of the cemetery called the 'Poor Ground,' A G 30, South, about one hundred and fourteen feet from the edge of the sidewalk, mid-way between the Gate and Tower on the Finglas Road, and contiguous to the burial place of the Female Penitents' Retreat, Mecklinburgh Street, one of our most deserving city charities, founded in 1822, by the late Rev. John V. Holmes, and sustained for many years by the praiseworthy exertions of our late much respected fellow-citizen, Mr. Doyle, card manufacturer, Ormond Quay. About two feet

from the head of the grave, on the right hand side, there is a very remarkable tree, called a Copper Ash, the trunk being only a few feet in height, from which three very large and singular branches project.

Towards the close of the year 1845, Zozimus was seldom seen in the streets, his health becoming impaired, and his speech affected; he was last seen in George's Street, commonly called George's Lane; and, when spoken to by several persons, he placed his finger on his lips and made signs to show he could not articulate. Soon after he became very feeble and took to his bed. About this time a celebrated Dublin Prima Donna, enjoying the soubriquet of 'Big Mary,' died, which circumstance was communicated to Zozimus, when he replied, 'May the Lord hav marcy on her sowl,' and made the remark, 'Ah, Mrs. Webb, it'll be my turn next.' He lingered until April following, when he died. In the latter end of the month of March, 1846, notice of a sick call was left with Mr. Sherwood, clerk of the church of St. Nicholas of Myra, Francis Street; and with that zeal and promptitude which characterise the Ministers of religion, the Rev. Nicholas O'Farrell, the present respected parish priest of Rush, but who was then a curate in Francis Street, was in immediate attendance; on arriving at the house No. 15 (then 14½) Patrick street he proceeded to the top back room, and, to use the words of the rev. gentleman, 'There I found poor Zozimus lying on a straw pallet on the floor, and the room crowded with ballad-singers.' After the usual salutation—'God save all here;' 'God save ye kindly, yer riverence,' 'Long life to yer riverence and glory to ye after,'—this motly assembly of visitors and professionals withdrew. His reverence then said, 'How are you, Mike?' To which Zozimus replied, 'I'm dictatin.' They were then left alone. What transpired we will not inquire, but this is certain, that he died in the full faith of his Church and at peace with God and man. Zozimus died on Friday, the 3rd April. The burial ticket was taken out on the 4th, and the interment took place on Palm Sunday, the 5th, as before mentioned. In Ireland a funeral differs in many respects from a similar event in other countries: the deceased having made all straight by performing the duties required of him

by the Church, friends and visitors see no cause for further mourning, and a little merriment takes place among them. This was especially so among the poor. On the Saturday evening before the funeral a 'wake' was held, which simply was one suffocating crowd in a small room, each person doing something to make matters pleasant; humorous songs, witty sayings, old saws and remembrances, and perhaps many a quiet prayer too for the repose of deceased's soul, all mingled in a noisy hubbub. Several gentlemen imitators and admirers of Zozimus also called in, and with their presence, and a trifle to the widow, paid the only mark of respect in their power.

On Palm Sunday, after last Mass, the neighbours gathered; the hearse arrived, in which the friends entered; first Matt Carroll, then James M'Laughlin (known for many years as 'the dear man'), Arthur Dogherty, and finally John Meade—all liberal contributors to the last expenses of poor Zozimus. Not forgetting the corpse, off they started for Glasnevin cemetery. The day was raw, cold and wet; gusts of wind and a touch of sleet reached the marrow in the bones, so that they earnestly wished they could only get a 'rosner,' *i.e.*, a 'raw chaw' at the first spirit permissive still they met—but two o'clock had not yet come. Meade said, 'It's cruel cowl, isn't it?' 'Garra,' says the dear man, 'we'll all be as stiff as the corpse when we get to the berrin-ground.' 'Bad cess to him,' grunted Dogherty; 'I wish he held out another month 'till the weather got dacent.' Carroll, who was a steady character, was seen fumbling in his breast, and took out a half-pint of John Busby's, which was handed all round with delight. They drank to the memory of poor Mike; and just as they got to the middle of Castle Street a sudden jerk brought all to a full stop,—the spring broke. This shot Carroll and Meade right into the faces of M'Laughlin and Dogherty; and hard as the pelt was, it was nothing compared to the loss of the whiskey, as the bottle was broken by the concussion.

Lest future historians may doubt the natal city and period of our hero, as they have done of Homer and others, we here subjoin a copy of the Certificate of Burial issued by the Prospect Cemetery:—

## DUPLICATE.

No. 2393.

## PROSPECT CEMETERY, GLASNEVIN.

*Search having been made in the Registry of Burials in this Cemetery, I Certify that the following Entry appears :*

[SEAL.]

J. BOLAND, Sexton.

Dated this 6th day of December, 1870.

6/12/70.

*The Mortal remains of Michael Moran, of Patrick Street, Aged 43 years, were interred in Prospect Cemetery, Glasnevin, in the Parish of St. Paul's, County of Dublin, on 5th day of April, 1846.*

Let. Ag. Fig. 30.

Sexs. No. 9390.

Reg. No. 9666.

Thus among the thousands of his poor fellow-citizens, under the shadow of the Round Tower erected over the great Tribune of Ireland, O'Connell, rests all that was mortal of one of Erin's bards—Michael Moran, *alias* 'Zozimus.'

Some months after the death of Zozimus, his son, who was on board a vessel trading between Dublin and New York, sent for his mother and step-sister, who shortly after emigrated, and of whom we have no additional trace. Thus the history of poor Zozimus comes to a close.

Some months after the foregoing original sketch was prepared for publication, the following extract from a recent American publication appeared. The writer of it evidently records from memory, which in some instances is inaccurate. He dates the period when Zozimus flourished as 'twenty years ago,' while, in fact, he had been buried several years before that time; however, as the sketch is a Transatlantic corroboration of our views, we give it in full :—

'Blind "Zozimus," who may be regarded as the most popular of Dublin peripatetics—a composer and reciter of ballads, sacred and profane, is surrounded as usual by a group of young and old. His long-tailed coat is closely buttoned over his chest, as if to conceal the absence of a shirt, and his faithful stick, secured by a leathern thong, dangles from his wrist in readiness to avenge any undue familiarities. One of his youthful auditors—an itinerant fruit-vendor—is so absorbed in listening to the blind man's yarn, that he has entirely forgotten his stock in trade, as evidenced by the reclining position of his snuffer-tray, and the principle of gravity illustrated by the apples which slide there-



from. Probably the poet is croaking forth his favourite eulogy on the illustrious St. Patrick :—

‘ Saint Patrick was a gintleman,  
And come of dacent people,  
In Dublin town he built a church,  
And on it built a steeple,

or perhaps he is exercising his lungs on the still more popular effusion,  
“ Moses in the bullrushes,” one which will never grow stale :—

‘ In Egypt’s land, upon the banks of Nile,  
King Pharoah’s daughter went to bath in style ;  
She tuk her dip, then walked unto the land,  
And to dry her royal pelt, she ran along the strand.  
A bullrush tripped her, whereupon she saw  
A smiling babby in a wad o’ straw,  
She tuk it up, and said with accents mild,

“ Tare-and-agers, girls, which av yes owns the child ?”

‘ Is there a crowd about me now ? ’ ‘ any blackguard heretic around me ? ’ were the usual queries with which Zozimus prefaced his opening remarks. These were generally followed up by the maxim, ‘ Our buzzum friends become our greatest backbiters. ’ The peculiar shrugging of his shoulders and wriggling of his body which accompanied the comical upturning of his sightless eyes, as he mouthed out his favourite proverb, was most ludicrously impressive ; but whether these gyrations were intended purely for effect, and originated in a desire to ‘ suit the action to the word, ’ or whether they should be regarded chiefly as an effort of nature to obtain temporary relief from the peregrinations of certain intruders of the pedicular genius, I do not pretend to say.

By a rather singular coincidence, two portraits of Zozimus appear simultaneously. The first is a series of three, photographed by Millard and Robinson from an original picture taken by Mr. Horatio Nelson, miniature painter, formerly of Grafton Street, and referred to in page 5 of this memoir ; the second, a well executed and finely finished portrait in oil, by Henry Macmanus, Esq., R.H.A. The difference between both being, Mr. Macmanus gives a profile likeness, representing Zozimus at an early age ; whereas the photographs show a full front figure, with his exact expression at a more advanced period of his life.

NOTE.—As a second and enlarged edition of the Memoir of Zozimus is in preparation and will shortly appear, the author will be much obliged for any communications, original anecdotes, reminiscences, &c. ; which may be forwarded, under cover, to the publisher, Mr. Joseph Tully, 58 Middle Abbey Street, Dublin.

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"It coagulates very readily, and appears to be in every respect what it professes to be. Dr. Cameron, the analyst of the city of Dublin, has also examined it, and certifies in the strongest terms to its purity."—*Medical Press*.

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"A few practical words to our readers upon this new article will not be out of place. It is plain, from what we have said, that this 'sweet essence of rennet' is destined to take an important position in our standard packed articles of diet. Those who take up its sale early—in moderation at first, for good new things do not always sell rapidly on their first introduction—will the sooner have the advantage of increasing demand, which is better than 'waiting to see' how it sells at your neighbour's. It is a neat article of stock, and is put up in Six-ounce Bottles only, which are Sold at a *Shilling each*. (Our readers should introduce to the medical men of their local public institutions.)"—*The Grocer*, January 7, 1871.

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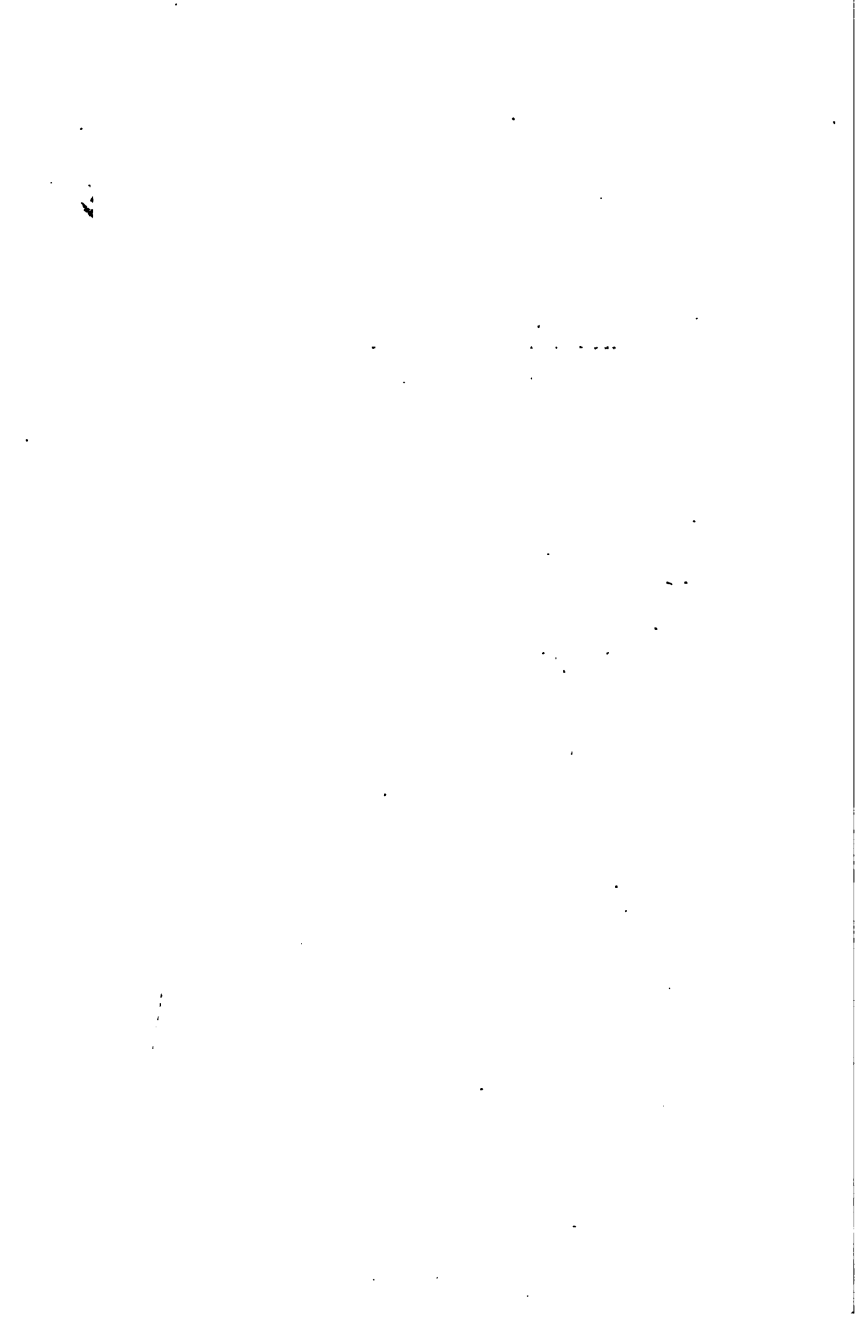
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Grass Seeds for Laying Down Land Permanently, for the Alternate  
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Beg to direct particular attention to their Mixtures of GRASS SEEDS for Permanent Laying or Alternate Cropping; and as this branch of their business is very extensive, and has had for so many years their most careful attention, every variety may be confidently relied upon as being the purest and best selected in cultivation.

Their NATURAL GRASS SEEDS are grown specially for them on the Continent, and, having the advantage of a good climate, are always saved in a proper manner.

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They pay most particular attention in the selecting of their CLOVER SEED, which arrives direct from the farmer, and, being the True Broad-leaved English, is sure to give an abundant crop, and withstand the winter and spring frosts.

Gentlemen, when favouring them with their Orders for Clovers and Grass Seeds, will please mention whether they are intended to be sown with or without a Cereal Crop, whether for Annual or Permanent Pasture; also, to state the nature of the soil—*i.e.*, upland, reclaimed bog, &c. They will then be certain to get the varieties for the intended purposes, and which, as heretofore, will no doubt give much satisfaction.

Their TURNIP and MANGEL SEEDS are grown specially for their House, and under their immediate inspection, and no trouble or expense has been spared in keeping the Stock true and genuine.

They strongly recommend their own IMPROVED SWEDE, which has proved itself to be the hardiest and most nutritious Turnip in cultivation, and which was so successful in the Agricultural Shows this year, both in Dublin and the Provinces.

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*Prime Samples of Imported Seed Oats and Chevalier Barley. Spring Vetches and Norfolk Rye. Constantly supplied with the Finest Oil Cake. The best Peruvian Guano direct. Farrell's Superior Bone Superphosphate.*

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March 1871.

# ZOZIMUS IN DUBLIN.

*Just Published,*

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THE CELEBRATED DUBLIN STREET RHYMER AND RECITER.

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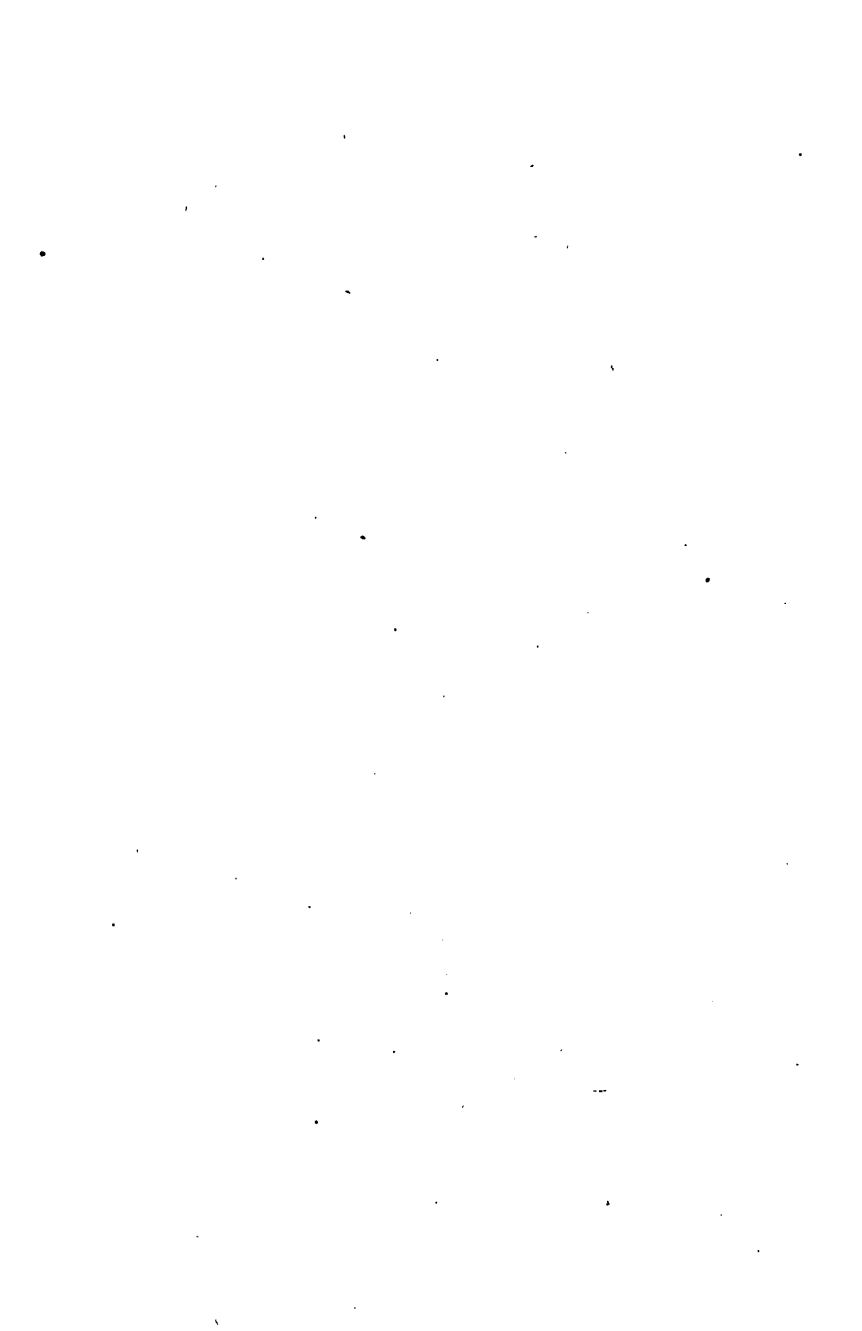
"ZOZIMUS."—A new tribute has been paid to the memory of this celebrated character by the publication of a photograph which recalls his once familiar features, and presents the blind old bard of Carlisle Bridge with a fidelity which those who remember the man will at once recognise. The only question which can be raised is as to the "Cock" of his old hat. The print is published by Mr. Tully, 58 Middle Abbey Street, from an original portrait, and some characteristic sayings of the poet and his audience, are recorded, which are naturally associated with the recollections of the man, and sure to make the likeness more effective. This is a picture of Zozimus as he really was, not as he is depicted in the frontispiece of the comic periodical which bears his name, and cleverly perpetuates the spirit of his wit and humour.—*Daily Express.*

ZOZIMUS.—Those of us, who have passed the days of juvenility, will remember a blind old man, whose chief place of resort was the neighbourhood of Carlisle Bridge, and who harangued the gamins, who crowded round him, with a homely but forcible eloquence, and spouted doggerel verse, on every possible subject, with the skill and readiness of an Italian *improvisatore*. His name is perpetuated on the title page of our clever comic contemporary, and an admirable likeness of him has just been published by MR. TULLY, of 58 Middle Abbey Street. It is a photograph by MESSRS. MILLARD and ROBINSON, from a painting by MR. HORATIO NELSON, Miniature Painter, formerly of Grafton Street, and represents the old rhymester leaning upon his stick, apparently rolling out his sonorous poetry for the delectation of the bystanders. We are informed that the likeness is a good one ; as a work of art the photograph is excellent.—*Irish Sportsman and Farmer.*

THE ORIGINAL ZOZIMUS has made his appearance in a capital photograph, published by MESSRS. MILLARD and ROBINSON, in which may be seen the witty *raconteur* of Carlisle Bridge, as he really was. The photographs give us the Zozimus of the flesh.—*Irishman.*







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